

Deacon Rufus Grennell was a true product of the times. He was a man who read and remembered what he read and was the most wonderful Bible student I ever met. He told me he had read the Bible from cover to cover twelve times when he was 14 years old. He was a man of strong opinions but he never forced his opinions on others. In fact he never said very much. When he did say anything he used to put it in very few words. I remember him as one of the least talkative men I ever knew. I have often heard him remark to others "Dwell in the land and surely thou shall be fed." He was of the type of men who have been the back bone of the progress of this County in moral and religious growth. I remember being at a meeting where some young man who was not what he should be was making a long and tearful confession and making promises that he would never more go from the true path again. The Deacon was there and as the young man took his seat, the old Deacon who was seated near the pulpit arose slowly and turned around and calling the young man by name, said, "The devil is not dead yet."

He resumed his seat and that was all he had to say. I remember as a boy playing around his shingle shop, when a young man came to see him and as he talked I finally heard him say he thought he had a call from God to preach. The Deacon did not say anything for some time but kindly calling the man by name said "It might be better for you to go home and hoe potatoes as it might have been some other voice you heard."

The Deacon was very careful not to say anything against others, but at the same time would not vary from the truth.

I remember being out near the road when a man driving a horse and buggy seeing the Deacon stopped and asked him in regard to a man living in the community. Now as the man he asked about was "Good Provider" for his family, he was looked upon by his neighbors as having come very close to committing the unpardonable sin. The Deacon looking at the man answered his question about the man's character by saying, "So and so has one of the best women in the town for a wife." It seems I can even now hear the man laugh as he drove away. The Deacon believed in work and if a man worked he would have food and clothes. The quality of the food never bothered him. Mush and milk or roast turkey were all the same.